

General Hymn

O sorrow, O grief, O pain, O woe,  
To paint with awful shade the sad unchangeable news  
That John is dead and gone, his friends are left alone,  
His relatives do mourn in deep distress

O death, why didst thou come, to call so soon  
This child, who had just begun to see the world  
Thy loss has made our eyes to all be blind  
Regardless of the cries for him to live

He was a loving child was ever kind  
Both affable and mild pleasant in mind  
Obedient at call he lived beloved by all  
And rose thus high to fall by cruel death

Death is a cruel king to hurl his dart  
And with its poisonous sting makes thousands smart  
He sometimes gives relief, but mostly like a thief  
Takes from and thus adds grief, to those behind

Bereaved parents mourn and pensive say  
Woe our son is gone from earth away  
His troubles they are over, and he will grieve no more  
But reach that healthful shore forever blest

But oh, why should I sigh and grieve and mourn  
He was prepared to die, and took his turn  
He died while in his bloom and in the garlands  
To slumber in the tomb till Christ shall come

When the last trumpet shall sound to wake the dead  
In mortal hell be found like Christ our head, belong  
And with the blood washed strong to whom the harp  
Will join - raising a song that's ever new

Then wipe those bitter tears away thy gloom  
Be jealous fears be gone for joy makes room  
O ye mourners be comforted for ye have found to rest  
And will at last be blessed with Jesus

Then to the blooming youth one word I say  
Prepare to meet thy God without delay  
That when ye come shall die that ye may live  
And ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~swear~~ <sup>swear</sup> above the ~~shy~~ <sup>shy</sup> ~~green~~ <sup>green</sup> ~~fields~~ <sup>fields</sup>

1. While motion was making in Hell we got the rest  
And the last signs of day light were seen in the east  
We pulled my pale horse, till he so gently shined  
We deep & in solitude did kneel and pray in vain

2. I passed in garden I pursued him to the house  
He wept, he grieved and pining for his home  
He wept and moaned, he groined and howled  
While pleading in anguish the poor sinners part

3. I stood a while then I turned me to see  
That a man of compassions, this stranger might be  
I discovered prostrate on the ground  
The loveliest being that ever was known

4. And offering to heaven his piteous prayer  
He spoke of the torments the sinners must bear  
He himself as a ransom he offered to give  
That sinners in glory rede, not might sing

5. His marble was wet with the dew of the night  
His locks by pale moon light were glittering and bright  
His eyes bright as diamonds to heaven were raised  
Which round him in verdure stood ungetan and

6. So deep was his sorrow so fervent his prayer  
That down on his bosom rolled blood, sweat and tears  
I wept to behold him, and asked him his name  
He answered his Jesus, from heaven I came

I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die  
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by  
Thy sins which are many are laid upon me  
And all this sore anguish I suffer for thee

I heard with attention his story of me  
Thine tears of repentance like rivers did flow  
The tale of his sorrow, to hear him repeat  
Lifted my heart, and I fell at his feet

With the voice of contrition, I loudly did cry  
Save Lord, or I perish, Save Lord, or I die  
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me  
Thy sins which are many, I fully forgive

How sweet was that entrance, which made me rejoice  
His looks how consoling, how charming his voice  
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad  
And shouted Hosanna Oh glory to God

I am now on my journey to mansions above  
My soul is full of glory of light life and love  
I think of the garden the blood and the tears  
And of that loved stranger who banished my fears